know this house from any other in the daylight. Might I just trouble you for the address?'

'Prossiter-street,' I called down to him.

'I thank you very much. Boshington street.'

'Possiter street, I screamed.

'Prossiter—a thousand thanks and apologies. And what number ma'am, may I ask?

'No. 10.'

'I am very much obliged to you,' he bawled forth. 'I am exceedingly indebted; I would not have troubled you in this way if the umbrella had not been——

But I would not listen to any further information; he had already said that he set great store by the umbrella, and I did not want to hear that fact again, with the rain coming down like a waterspout,and the wind blowing every way at once. I closed the window summarily and cut short his volubility, and the instant afterwards I heard him running along towards New Oxford street as if to make up for lost time or to overtake a passing cab of which he had probably caught sight.

It was some time before I could get to sleep after so lengthy a discussion under such peculiar circumstances. I was annoyed at the man's pertinacity concerning his trumpery umbrella, his indifference to time, and the personal inconvenience to which he exposed people by his unreasonable request,and I lay in considerable fear of his third return and another series of questions at the top of his lungs. But he came not again, and I dropped off to sleep at last, and was troubled by dreams of tempests, and tornadoes, and white squalls carrying away whole grosses of umbrellas, till Sarah knocked at the panels of my door with her customary information that it was half-past six o'clock.

I was perforce an early riser. There was a great deal to superintend, and my parlor floor was a gentleman connected with the rail-goods traffic department; who was always getting up early and going out to business and letting himself in again with his latch key about seven in the morning, and when he expected breakfast ready, and ate it walking about the room as a rule, preparatory to running away again in hot haste. I should have considered Mr. Goode an irritable lodger if it had not been for the angelic contrast that he afforded to Captain Choppers. As it was, he only seemed a little bit fussy and precise, which was attributable chiefly to his lot in life. Mr. Goode was a widower with two sons at boarding-school; and if those boys had lived and died at boarding-school instead of coming home twice a year for the holidays, I think Bridget and Sarah would have rejoiced exceedingly.

I remember Mr. Goode asked Sarah that morning if he could speak with Miss Neild before he left, and I went upstairs at once to see him. He was walking about with his mouth full and a slice of bread and butter in his hand.

'That was a dreadful noise last night, Miss Neild,' he began; 'I could'nt get a wink of sleep. Tho Captain, I suppose, again? I must certainly ask you in my name to present my compliments to him and——'

'It was not Captain Choppers.'

'Indeed! No? Well, I thought I heard his voice,' said Mr. Goode, very much disappointed.

There was no homongeneousness between Mr. Goode and Captain Choppers—I may say even that there were times when they hated and loathed each other.

'He's a beggarly upstart civilian, madam,' the captain would roar in excited moments; and 'He a captain!' Mr. Goode would say with withering contempt, 'captain of a penny steamboat once, perhaps, nothing more.'

But to my strange story.

'A gentleman dropped his umbrella down the area and knocked us up for it,' I explained with a little acrimonious emphasis.

'Well, of all the confounded impertinence!' exclaimed Mr. Goode; 'I should like to treat that party to a bit of my mind. You never got up and gave it to him?'

'No, I did not.'

'I am glad to hear that. For you must take care of yourself, Miss Neild, and keep strong. You are not looking well,' he said, regarding me with his head on one side as if he had a troublesome wen on the other which he was anxious to keep clear of the edge of his shirt-collar, 'upon my word you are not. You are pale and fragile-looking. A little change at the seaside now would do you a world of good.'

'Yes, I daresay it would.'

'This large house is a trial to you—and that captain, with his absurd fancies and his ridiculous tempers, would worry the life of a saint—and you are really looking extremely pale this morning. And —good gracious, I had no idea it was so late!'

Mr.Goode swallowed the last portion of his bread and butter whole, and dashed like a harlequin out of the front door. When he had gone, I surveyed myself in his parlor glass and wondered if I was looking very ill, or whether, being a dismal man, he was trying to frighten me, and I arrived at the conclusion I was looking about the same as usual, 'a prin, pale, pert little puss,' as my dear old dad called me once, when I was arguing with him on the housekeeping expenses, and how the weekly money would never hold out if he would continually ask the lodgers in to supper and a game at cribbage afterwards.

Poor dad, he died next year, and left me sole proprietor of the lease and furniture of the house in Prossiter-street, and there were no late suppers and cribbage any more. I was seventeen when he died, and I had had five years' charge of No. 10 since—'getting quite an old maid,' Lily Brian, who lived next door said, but then Lily was four years younger than I, and assumed upon her youth, as girls will. A nice girl was Lily Brian, and my one friend and confidant, but perhaps too fond of laughing at everything, although that showed she was happy and had a keen sense of humor and a fine set of teeth.

Well,perhaps I was a trifle paler, was my second conclusion after the first five minutes, and with a tinge of redness—a mere tinge—about the nose, just as if I was 'breeding a cold,' as Bridget put it. And this was not remarkable, considering last night's experiences, and sure enough the cold was bred before my early dinner-hour, when the sneezing stage had set in with considerable force. This reminded me once more of the umbrella which had been dropped into the area last night, and I asked Bridget to bring it me.

'The what, m'm?' asked Bridget with a wild stare.

'The umbrella.'

'Umbrella, and down our airy, did ye say m'm? There's not a scrap of umbrella down our airy. I've been in and out twenty toimes, and must have seen it,' continued Bridget.

'Bridget there must be an umbrella' I said; 'go and see.'

Bridget departed and returned with the information that there was no umbrella in the area, and then I went and looked for myself, and as it was still drizzling with rain I caught another cold on the top of the first one, and was at fever heat ere twenty-four hours had ensued.

But before then the gentleman had called for his property, and I had met face to face the individual who had rendered last night hideous.

He came at three in the afternoon, sending in his card by way of preliminary announcement that he had arrived. I did not associate him with the umbrella—indeed, I was feeling drowsy and 'out of sorts,' with pains at the back of my head, when a huge glazed card was presented to me bearing the inscription in large fancy letters of 'GEOFFRY BIRD, Carver and Gilder and Picture Frame Manufacturer, 967, Goswell road, Islington, N.'

'I don't want any picture frames Sarah,' I said to my small help wearily.

'It's the gentleman about his umbrella, mum,' said Sarah.

'Good heavens! Oh, indeed. Well, ask him to step in, then!'

My sitting-room was a small apartment at the end of the long passage, the only little room I had to myself and my day dreams—yes my day dreams—when the house was full, which had been all the years, for they were the same lodgers who had lived with us in father's time—odd, inconsiderate, queer-tempered lodgers enough,but faithful to my house, and keeping an old promise, too, to stand by the little woman a bit when he is gone.'

Mr. Bird was ushered into my presence, and he came in with a low bow and with a trifle too much of a smile to wholly please me although it suggested itself to me somewhat quaintly that he would not have much to smile at presently. Mr. Bird was a slim and somewhat short man, who wore his black hair long enough for a violinist, and upon the smallest of hands the reddest and most prominent of knuckles. He was rather a good-looking young man, with brown eyes and black bushy eyebrows, and with a habit of shaking his head suddenly, as if to get the hair back from his forehead, or as if he had just come out of water. He was fairly well dressed, might have passed even for a gentleman if it had not been for his red knuckles and that very obtrusive smile.

'Good afternoon, Miss Neild—for I understand your name is Neild,' he began; 'I am very sory for the third time in my life to be such a complete nuisance to you. But I think I am in the right this time, being here by invitation.'

'Yes: I asked you to call at a more seasonable hour, I remember,' I replied. 'but——'

'And I owe you no end of apologies,' he added, 'for the noise I made last night. I was in too much of a hurry—I am naturally impulsive, in fact—and when the wind caught my umbrella, and blew it clean out of my hand into your area, my first impulse was to run up the steps and knock.'

'Yes I heard you knock,' I said quietly.

'No, I'm sure you didn't,' he said flatly contradicting me here; 'you couldn't have heard me the first time, for I waited a reasonable period before I knocked again. It was a tremendous while to wait with a fellow getting drenched to the skin all the time. By George, I was never out in such a rain. I shall catch a nice cold, I am afraid. You have a bad cold, young lady?'

(To be Continued)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, January 31, 1884.

The very important debates on Socialism in the Chamber of Deputies, though they can bring no specific remedy to the sufferings of the working classes and the industrial crisis, must produce a salutary effect on the relations between capital and labor. Eliminating the small side of the serious subject, that of the occasion for attacking the ministry, it was clearly shown, that all parties without exception, sympathised with equal sincerity with the victims of the hard times, and that all were alike impotent to prescribe a perfect cure.

What may be called the parliamentary representatives, of the socialistic journals that crack up the anarchie and the disaffected were put on the cutty stool of repentance. Brialou, a real working-man's deputy for Lyons, and so truly such, that one blushed at his illiterate speeches in the tribune; he, the "chef of the proletaires, of the equal division of unequal earnings school, humbly confessed he had no panaces. But he made an important admission, that it was necessary to recognize "governing classes," or in other words, superior capacity to guide and control inferior intelligences. The debates have thrown the "fierce light of truth" on the inanity of the systems, the utopias, the chimeras dire, that are mouthed at the reunions in Paris, and trumpeted by a giddy and irresponsible press.

M. Jules Ferry in a sensible and pinchy speech, pierced all the wind-bagism; he invited the representatives of socialism to eschew words and grapple with realities; to frame their remedies in the form of a bill, so that practical, serious, and kindly-disposed legislators could have before them something tangible and substantial. He asserted the industrial crisis was Parisian, not national; the building trade has over speculated; the city had streets of unlet palaces, while the artizans were in want of humble and reasonable-rented homes. The Poors' Relief Bureau indicated no important augmentation of misery; the pawn officer had no marked increase of business, treaties of commerce were fixed for nine years still, and if France was beaten in the foreign as well as in the home market, such was chiefly due to the higher rate of wages exacted by French workmen; to the more elevated profits demanded by manufacturers, and to the neglect of fabricants keeping their plant and their intelligence abreast with the march of inventions and the discoveries of scientific industry.

He reminded the Chamber also that in many arts where France has had a monopoly—artificial flowers for example, she has been out-rivalled by competitors, whom by education have been able to tread on her kibes; the exclusion of foreign products, the expulsion of foreign workmen, would bring no remedy, as the nations affected had reprisals to fall back upon.

The French do not see clear into Chinese Gordon's mission; they begin to smell a rat that he purposes forming a federation of States in Soudan, under the protection of England, and so enable her to tap the commerce of the Upper Nile, and control the trade of Central Africa.

The Government continues actively its exertions to spread education. It now organizes popular conferences, under the direction of inspectors. It is about establishing in the local colleges and chief schools, art museums, where would be placed copies of sculpture, of celebrated paintings, etc., all to keep before the mind's eye of the pupils the ideas of the history of harmonious forms. Many of the subjects, while illustrating the schools of the beautiful, will recall at the same time the duties of patriotism. The existence of the Republic depends a universal suffrage, and the latter, in France, at all events, is a two-edged sword. It was voted in 1848, when its advocates least expected it, or perhaps desired, for the nation was unprepared for the exercise of that weapon, which gave *plebiscites* to Napoleon III, and majorities to the third Republic.

Universal suffrage has then to be educated and trained, by the Constitution, as it at present stands, a majority of one in the united Chambers can undo the Republic, as a majority of one has created it. Then the existing regime is still largely worked on the old monarchal lines, the chief being the intense system of centralization, which places each of the 86 departments under a Prefect, or Viceroy, responsible only to the Home Minister at Paris, who makes his subalterns dance as he pulls the strings. In the United States, that France aims to imitate, this danger does not exist, since each State has its autonomy. Were France similarly federated, her homegeneity would be destroyed. But France has, in the thrift, sobriety and proverbial industry of her people, such a sound base for existence, of vitality, and progress, as almost to defy dynasties or governments to do their worst to destroy her.

The educational world has been very occupied these few days past keeping the fete of St. Charlemagne. He is the patron of learning for France, as Francis I. was called the "Father of Letters," though he hanged not a few printers and publishers—to dissemble perhaps his love. Formerly the national teachers on the anniversary of St. Charlemagne, had a mass celebrated at the Church of St. Genevieve, when a collection was made for their sick and needy. Now the colleges, etc., stand a banquet to the Professors and ushers, and the wags say it is the occasion for getting off stocks of artificial champagne. Guizot called Charlemagne "the first intellectual minister." However it was from the beginning of the reign of Charlemagne—the eighth century, that the mind of the West re-awakened, that decadence was stopped and barbarism was thrown back. Like Louis-Philippe, Charlemagne was a school-master. He taught in a school he had in his own Palace, hence, to this fact is traced the origin of the University of France. He died learning, and had notions of eloquence, astronomy, poetry, arithmetic and music. But it is said he did not know how to write; he made "his mark" with the point of his sword like a Norman Baron. He imitated Solomon, by the number of his concubines, and Henry VIII. by getting rid of his wives. He had twenty legitimate children, several of whom were daughters. A few of the girls turned out bad. There is a legend that Charlemagne fell in love with a beautiful German, a "white lady," and neglected everything to devote himself to her, and when she was dead he became enamoured with the corpse. Charlemagne had an idea that canal makers ignore; he proposed to make a ship canal connecting the German Ocean with the Black Sea. M. de Lesseps please note.

The election of M. Edmond About, as a member of the French Academy at last, is not an ordinary election. He had been a kind of perpetual candidate, and no writer ever ridiculed that Olympus more scathingly than did About. As a publicist and critic, he is best known. His dramas and novels are not in the first line. Usually ranked by the Bonapartists as a friend of the family of the second degree, he rallied to the Republic after the sinking of the Second Empire. He then established a newspaper, which made money by supporting Thiers and combating MacMahon. Since he has been able to live like the mouse in the Dutch cheese, his writings display less acerbity. He has been rated a new Voltaire; if so, it is the greatness of the dwarf on the shoulders of a giant.

The French Academy will henceforth cease to be a close borough. Owing to the recent election, the axis of the majority is changed. It will be modernized, and perhaps may be able to to complete its dictionary, commenced 250 years ago, and which is always "in press." The Academy was first founded by a few literary men, who met in secret. Cardinal Richelieu hearing of their ability, offered them his protection, a thrust-upon greatness not to be refused, and the result was the constitution of the Academy by royal patent in 1635. It took its name from the suburb at Athens of that name, near to Plato's villa residence, and where he came to teach his philosophy during half a century. The original site was a free gift from a citizen, Academus, but Cimon drained and planted the ground, and the groves contained the tombs of celebrities. Sylla cut down the trees to convert them into battering rams, when besieging Athens. It was at an opposite end of the city that Aristotle had his Lyceum, and his pupils, from drinking in knowledge while perambulating, were called peripaticians. A philosophical cook has observed, "we digest on our legs."

The number of the French Academicians was limited to forty, and a *fauteuil* reserved for each. The members were called "Immortals," because the ambitious motto on the silver jetons of attendance was *a l'immortalite!* The Academy was to publish a grammar and a dictionary, and "to cleanse the French language from the impurities of the common people, the jargon of lawyers, the nuisance of ignorant courtiers, and the abuses of the pulpit." The Academy never embellished the French tongue; but it may have purged it of imperfections. Some trace the origin of the Academy to Charlemagne and his tutor Alcuin; when the court read certain books, each reader